

The Soul of the Violet.

Whenever, betimes, the warm winds blow And drive underground the lingering

Whenever, amid such breathing space, The brown earth rises a wistful face— Whenever about the fields I go, The soul of the violet haunts me so!

I look—there is never a leaf to be seen; In the pleached grass is no thread of

green; But I walk as one who would chide his

Lest they trample the hope of some-thing sweet!
Here can no flower be blooming, I know— Yet the soul of the violet haunts me so!

Again and again that thrilling breath, Fresh as the life that is snatched out of Keen as the blow that Love might deal Lest a spirit in trance should outward

so thrilling that breath, so vital that

The soul of the violet haunts me so! Is it the blossom that slumbers as yet

Is it the blossom that summers as yet.
Under the leaf-mould dank and wet.
And visits in dreams the wandering air
(Whereas the passing sweetness I share)?
Or is it the flower shed long ago?
The soul of the violet haunts me so!
—Edith M. Thomas, in Frank Leslie's
Popular Monthly.

Art and Book Promoter

Society Woman Manages to Extol Certain Novels and Pictures.

Every day bears testimony to the fact that woman's ingenuity is practically limitless, says the Chicago Chronicle. Here is a little story which emphasizes

the point:
"I don't know of a more genteel and
easy way of getting a living than has
been adopted by some of the women of
the exclusive set, who are a bit improvithe exclusive set, who are a bit improvident, and who cannot keep up with the procession from their private income, than the book boomer, said one of the men "in the swim," just after bowing to a lady of the fashionable world as she moved through the main corridor at a fashionable hotel. "She is one of them. She is a very good talker, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, if I am not mistaken, and is so theroughly well-educated that she is locked upon as an authority on all sorts of things that are not essentially fashionable—that is, as to dress. She is au courant as to literature and art, and I happen to know that she has contaction with a couple of publishing houses, and with one auction firm, from which she derives a very pretty penny. which she derives a very pretty penny. Her duties are only to recommend certain books and pictures that her employers may wish to find purchasers for. The everage man and woman of fashion and money know little about these matters, money know little about these matters, and they readily take her suggestions as to what it is best to read, and what artists it is best to patronize in order to be quite up-to-date. That woman makes the suggestions at dimers and aftermoon teas and all sorts of functions, where she is a welcome guest, and she does it so eleverly that no one suspects that she is a boomer of the books and pictures of which the address the surphyse. She is a boomer of the books and pictures of which she advises the purchase. She is much of a success in her way as the wine boomers of the other sex are in theirs, and they say that their salaries and commissions are something that is well worth while. They say there is one very fashionable woman who gets about with "the smart set," who draws about with "the smart set," who draws a salary from a prominent wine firm, but I am not so sure as to that. I do know about the other one, however."

Fruit Salads.

Once upon a time fruit salads were served in frappe cups or parfait glasses, and every one was quite contented with them. Now the fashion has taken a turn them. Now the fashion has taken a turn that is a joy to the women whose stock of cut glass never existed or has been reduced by breakages. With her own hands, if these be deft, she can shape nappies that the present taste will pronounce to be all that there is of the most chic.

Perhaps the newest of these is the property of the pro

apple cup. Large flawless apples must be chosen for this purpose, and each must be hollowed out with a skill that leaves ft a perfect cup—the walls thick enough to avert danger of breakage, yet not so thick as to be clumsy. The blossom end of the apple is at the bottom of the

Into the nappy thus prepared is put Into the nappy thus prepared is put a salad of apple, celery and nuts. The fruit that has been scooped out will hardly serve the purpose, as it has probably been bruised in the process of removal. Tiny rubes of tart apple must be mingled with an equal quantity of finely cut celery and one-fourth as much of the meets of Tarelite keylouic hocken jute small pieces. English walnuts broken into small pieces with these is mixed a mayonnaise, and With these is mixed a mayonnaise, and a beaping spoonful of it crowns the filled apple. This must be placed on a curly lettuce leaf just before it goes to the table. As the apple has an unpleasant tendency to turn brown after cutting, the dish should be prepared as short a time as possible before it is needed.

A simple salad of apples and celery

is particularly good served with yonnaise dressing into which whipalone is particularly good a mayonnaise dressing into which whipped cream has been stirred. This dressing must be used at once, as the cream thins it when it is allowed to stand.

Grape-fruit, salad, pure and simple, is dainty when served in the half of the fruit itself, just as at breakfast, only with a

French dressing instead of sugar. To make the holder prettler, little cuts may be made around the edge with a sharp knife and the peel twisted into points.—Harper's Bazar.

Culinary Æsthetics.

"You seem wonderfully pleased about something this evening," said Mr. Middlewitt as he met his better half upon entering the house; "I don't know when I have seen you with such a glow upon your face."
"And good reason for it." realled the

They stood on the bare c'ay bank. The Georgia moon enveloped them in a mysterious, melancholy veil.

"Bar shepping, I suppose, and got some barpains?"

"Bar shepping, I suppose, and got some barpains?"

"Bar shepping, I suppose, and got some barpains?"

"Bar shepping, I suppose, and got some just like you, dear. You seem to bar a woman never has sentiments a woman never has sentiments of these of a sordid, practical nature.

"Bar They were humble clay-caters."

Other the control of the bare c'ay bank. The Georgia moon enveloped them in a mysterious, melancholy veil.

"Bar shepping, I suppose, and got some problem of the control of the control

"Only an expletive, my dear."
"Only an expletive, my dear."
"A very unfortunate one. I think. But there, you didn't mean anything. Well, as I was going to say I went to Mrs. Patthan's object lesson. You should have seen the lovely doughnuts she made."
"Not hing very aesthetic in doughnut."
"Not in the ordinary doughnut, I grant you; but these, my! how beautiful they were! Such a refined color and in shape so artistic and entrancine! If, I can only get to make s.me like them' my life's ambition will be satisfied. And then, wene they were arranged upon a china dish, garnished with rosebuds and forcet-menots! Charles, they were perfectly heavenly!"

ly!"
"But how did they eat? That's the main

"But how do they eat? That's the main thing."
"No, Charles, it is not the main thing.
Eat? Why, it would be sacrifere to eat
Mrs. Pattipan's doughnuts. No, thank
go:dness, nobody there was so unapprecia-

Weddings and Tradition.

Origin and History of Well-Known

Nuptial Ceremonies.

The ceremonies and traditions which cluster around the marriage service are numerous, interesting and of ancient

The oldest known love letter in the world is in the British Museum. It is a proposal of marriage made to an Egyptian princess, and it was written 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is, therefore, not only the oldest but also the most sub-

only the oldest, but also the most substantial love letter in existence.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of diugh Capet. Two servants had grown gray in his service; a man and a woman, and what could he give them as a reward? Calling the woman he said:

he said:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age I know none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the nusband is ready."

"Your majesty." said the old servant, "how is it possible that we should mar-



"How do you know?"

"When she caught that burglar in her house the first thing she asked was if he had wiped his feet on the door mat."

tive of their aesthetle worth as to think of eating them."

"II'm! not very filling, just to look at. A good plain, common, homely, everyday doughnut is good enough for me. Do you know, Carrie, I suspect Mrs. Pattipan is a humbug and her aesthetic doughnuts are heavy as lead and soaked full of fat. What in time are you erying about?"

"Oh, Charlie, to think that it should come to this! Mother always said the men are all alike; but I did think—There, don't say another word; you'll break my heart. And I was so happy! Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"—Bston Transcript.

Wail of the Debutante.

"People do not begin to realize how much a debutante has to contend with, remarked a bud of the season plaintive "In the first place, we are, all of us ly. "In the first place, we are, all of us, perfectly conscious at every dance that we are under fire, as it were, and that the number of our partners, our general demeanor and the way we are gowned are all matters of discussion among our elders. You may imagine that this knowledge does not add to our happi knowledge does not and to our happiness. It may seem a small matter to outsiders, but the fatal verdict of disapproval written on the countenances of our critics spoils many a feast for us. We should be so happy in the fun of being young and gay if nothing were expected! Does it not seem too hard that we should have all this strain and anxiety, that quite spoils our anticipation of every dance and makes us so miserably self-conscious when we get there? "There are lots of minor matters, too,

that are annoying; pln pricks, perhaps but none the less uncomfortable. We but none the less uncomfortable. We are suddenly plunged into the world, and we know nothing of the various shibboleths that pass current. We see strange faces on every side, and are continually making mistakes. Who is that queer looking woman with the mop of yellow hair?' I asked the man who took me in to dinner the other evening. That is my wife,' he replied, and, of course, I collapsed, but how could I be expected to

'Did you enjoy Mrs. M.'s dance?' ask ed one of mamma's friends the other day "I think I would have had a good time.' I answered, but the greatest bore asked me for a cotillon, and I had to dance with him, although a man that I particularly liked asked me afterward. "'I am sorry my son put you to such inconvenience,' she answered icily; 'he

told me he danced with you.' told me he danced with you."
"Now, how can we avoid such pitfails if we have not been told of people's
relationships? Every girl I know has had
some such experience, and I thought
there ought to be some way of posting us beforehand. We are too handicapped altegether, and I think something ought to be done to make things easier for us."-New York Tribune.

Very Fond of It.

They stood on the bare c'ay bank. The Georgia moon enveloped them in a mys-terious, melancholy veil. "Emmah," and his dark eyes swept the

tive of their aesthetic worth as to think , ry, having already silver hairs?

"Then it should be a silver wedding," and the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over France, and it became a fashion after twenty-live years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

ding.
The practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name at marriage is a Roman custom. Julia Married to Pompey became Julia of Pompey. In later times these married women signed their times these married women signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." In Iceland the opposite has been the custom. There the husband assumes the wife's name.

The word wedding is derived from the

wed or security which the Anglo-Saxon bridegroom gave at espousals for the due bridegroom gave at espousals for the due performance of his contract. This wed was held by trustees, and in addition to it the bridegroom wore an espousal ring, it was first designed by Prometheus, ac-cording to tradition, and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubal Cain, and was given by Adam to his son to this end, that he therewith should es-pouse a wife

pouse a wife.

The wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wors a chaplet of wheat China bride. wore a chaplet of wheat. The brides-maids threw grains of corn or small bits of cake upon the heads of the newly marof cake upon the heads of the newly mar-rice and the guests picked up the pleces and ate them. The wedding cake did not come into general use until the last century and was then composed of solid blocks laid together, iced all over, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor and were distributed am the guests. Bridal favors are of Danish origin. The true lover's knot was first designed by Danish hearts and derived its designation from the Danish truelofa—"I plight my troth.'

The throwing of the slipper comes from the custom of the bride of the father giving a shoe to the new husband in to-ken of transference of power over her, the bridegroom lightly tapping the bride's

nead with it.

The best man is a survivor of the band of friends who accompanied the suitor in his wife-winning and kept watch for him over the bride's tribe, while the lover sought the opportunity to carry off his prize, The honeymoon journey is the hurried flight of the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of the pursuing tribe. The presents eigen the brides. suing tribe. The presents given the brides. maid and ushers are simply a relic of the rough bribery used by the ancient bridegroom among his personal friends so that they would assist in the capture of his chosen bride when the day arrived on which he had determined to carry her off. In the fifteenth century a bride—if one of the aristocracy—often received twenty rings from her relatives and six from the bridegroom—two when he became interested in her, two for the espousal and two when they were married.-Chicago Chronicle.

'Is his name in 'Who's Who?' "

"I con't know as to that," replied the demure one blushing, "but he has demon-strated to me that he knows who's who and what's what, and I'm who and that diamond engagement ring is what."— Chicago Post

The Year's Poet.

(Frank Dempster Sherman in Woman's Home Companion.) When all the world lay fresh and white-A shining sheet of snow— The year's young poet came to write His songs upon it so.

His pen in dawn's warm gold the dipt, And from it fast there fell Those fragrant phrases, honey-lipt, Where music loves to dwell:

Blue violets set line by line, With green spears here and there, And ruby buds upon the vine— Ho wrote them everywhere.

Lyrics of blossoms, wonder words, Woven in leafy rhyme, Wherewith to win again the birds And speed their trysting-time.

Hark! now his happy dreaming done, The heart begins to sing!

The world is full of love and sun. Of lyric song and spring

Our Ancestors' Diet.

Concoctions Prepared for the Table That Were Wonderful: Dyspeptic people nowadays are sol-

emnly warned by doctors against spices and seasoning and a reckless jumbling and seasoning and a reckless jumbling of many kinds of food. What these poor officted ones would have done a century or so ago is a mystery unless they simply threw up their hands and went off and died, for the receipts of that time are fearful and wonderful. The dishes in common use were concections that to-day would be hurled out of the back door by those with a regard for their health. Here is a salad, or sallet, as it was called, which was very popular and used by every one. The receipt runs: "Take pickled oilives, cucumbers, capers, buds of naturitum and broom berberries, pursians naturtium and broom berberries, pursiane naturitum and broom berberries, pursiane stalk, ashkeys, walnuts, musarooms, with raisins, currants, citron and orange peel; mince them up and strew over them candied flowers. Add toasted chestnuts, pistachois, pine kernels and blanched almonds, and, having put all into a dish, pour rose water over and serve. The giver of the recipe adds: "And thus you have a universal Winter salle; or an alsort incompendium fitted for a city feast," Another recipe is for a famous pastry, or London pie, which was made as follows: "Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eryngos, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty cnestnuts, a peek spantons, one point of cryngos, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty enestnuts, a peer of oysters, quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lenons, a handful of pickled berries, a quarter of an ounce of sliced nutmeg, mace and cloves, and a quarter of a pound of currants. When baked covered with white wine, butter and sugar." Tastes differ. We should not care now for the peculiar flavor of saffron, that costly yellow dye which for three centuries tinted every dish put on the table. According to doctors, it had great medicinal value and was in immense demand for culinary use.—Exchange. for culinary use.-Exchange.

A Man With a Past,

A Man With a Past.

"Is there anything in your past," the beautiful girl asked, "that you have kept from me? Oh, Arthur, think before it is too late. Surely you cannot wish to make us both unhappy, as we should be if I were to learn after we are murried that you had not told me all—that there was something you had kept back. Arthur!" she exclaimed, drawing away from him, "there is—there is something you have kept from me! You are pale and you dare not look me in the eyes!"

The young man stood looking at the floor and nervously clasping and unclasping his bands. At last he hoarsely replied:

"Yes, Adelaide, it is true. I have not "Yes, Adelaide, it is true. I have not told you all. Ah, forgive me! It was not my fault. Before heaven, I swear it! I had hoped that you might never need to know. Do not ask me to explain. It is too terrible. You will learn to love some other. I can go away somewhere and drag out my days in shame and sorrow."

Then wormanalite she but her arms Then, woman-like, she put her arms around his neck, looked up into his strong, manly face and said in low, sweet

"Arthur, let me help to bear your burden. Have I not promised to share all your joys and sorrows? Do not keep this from me. Do not leave me in doubt. this from me. Do not leave me in doubt. Perhaps I can forgive you, and thus save both our lives from being wrecked."

With an effort he pulled himself together and replied:

"My mother used to dress me as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and once she had my picture taken in that costume!"—The Chicago Times-Herald.

Solving the Problem.

Dmestic-"I'm much obliged to ye, mum, for sendin' me to that cookin' school so long. Here's me diplomer wot I got terday."

Mistress (who thinks she has solved problem)—"I'm delighted.

vant girl pr Now, I presume you can cook."

Domestic—"Please, mum, th
said we coudln't be expected t ber all we learned, an' we must cookin' book, an' keep is by us all th

Mistress-"Certainly, I will get you a copy."

Domestic—"Thankee, mum, An' pleace, mum, wud ye moind sendin' me fer a few terms to boardin' school till I learn to read?"—New York Weekly.

More Butter and Eggs.

Out in the East End lives a young mar-ried women, to whom her household du-ties are a source of considerable plea-sure. Perhans she will get over this sure. Perhaps she will get over this fancy as she grows older, and more accustomed to the monotony of the married state, but her young husband sincerely hopes not. The other day—it was a Wednesday—she found herself alone in the house, and made up her mind to visit a relative and remain away all day, returning in time, however, to greet her home-coming hubby.

returning in the the home-coming hubby.

She locked up the house carefully, and then, just as she settled her hat straight, she happened to remember that Wednesday was the day the butter man came with butter and eggs. He was a relia ble butter man, and dropped around with his wares twice a week. She needed butter, and she needed eggs. So she wrote in a bold hand on a good-sized wrote in a noid hand on a good-sized slip of paper: "Leave two pounds of best butter and two dozen eggs next door." She took this slip and carefully pasted it on the inside of the window in the door of the kitchen, and then let herself out of the front door, and went her way

Pretty soon along came the faithful and Pretty soon along came the rather and reliable butter man. He saw the notice, and carried out its instructions. Of course, he would have destroyed the slip of paper, but he couldn't got at it. It was on the inside of the glass.

Then the butcher dropped around.

He saw

also deals in butter and eggs. He saw the notice, and went back to his shop, and got the butter and eggs and carried them to the neighbor's

A little later one of the rival grocers of the neighborhood came around, looking the neighborhood came around, looking the carry the acre the page the page the same the putter.

the neighborhood came around, looki for orders. He saw the notice, took

for orders. He saw the notice, took it as a personal hint, and carried the two pounds and the two dozens to the somewhat astonished neighbor.

The other grocer soon followed. He saw the notice, thought it was aimed at him, and added more butter and eggs to the regidly increasing next door stock. The busy slip on the kitchen door took things easy for the rest of the day, there being nobody else in the butter and egg line to notify.

Late in the afternoon, when the misline to notify.

Late in the afternoon, when the mistress came home, the neighbor halled her

from the side door.



MARGH.

THE MONTH OF THE LION, THE LAMB, AND THE WENSOME, WINDY-WEATHER MAIDEN.

eggs, I should judge," she called across

"Stocking up," repeated the young woan.
"Yes," said the neighbor; "I've

"Yes," said the neighbor: "I've got cight pounds of butter and eight dozen eggs over here for you."

And it took the young woman some time to figure out how it happened. But, when she went to the kitchen door she understood it. There was the tell-tala slip, fast to the glass, and still directing whom it might concern to leave two pounds of butter and two dezen eggs at the next door neighbor's.—Chicago Times-

Crafty Cupid.

Cupid told man he shot blinded, But I doubt it. He has aimed at far too many Without missing any. Nay-he lied, that boy divine did. He is merely absent-minded. While about it.

He once pierced me to the marrow Or his dart did; And the maid who walked beside m And the mad who waked beside the Being unburt, only guyed me, For he used his other arrow On a swiftly passing sparrow, And departed.

(Frederick Truesdell, in the March Scribner's.)

A Southern Salad.

Frozen tomato is almost invariably served at the South with a meat salad. It is made from the canned tomato as easily as from the fresh, the pulp only being used. This is pressed through a colander or sieve, seasoned highly, not omitting a dish of grated onlen or of

posters are thus reproduced, as well as the best of those which our own Ameri-

when one hears that buyers are not lacking for the lithographs of four admirable posters by a prominent French artist, of which the price is \$21 per set, one understands that if the flamboyant than the price of the price of the price is \$22 per set, one understands that if the flamboyant come to stay.

artist, of which the price is \$21 per set, one understands that if the flamboyant works of art have not come to stay, they have certainly reached the top of the wave which breaks upon popular fancy. In representing posters upon cloth no new stitches in embroidery are employed, and even novices in fancywork may easily achieve success in the art which regular artists in needlework would probably not allow to be called an art, so simple, so frivolous is it compared with the laborlous tent stitch, Gobelin stitch and Berlin work with which their painstaking fingers carefully cover every inch of the ground-work.

One who wishes to make the most utterly up-to-date sofa cushion searches through the dealer's stock for a stamped pattern which pleases her, and then proceeds to cover the lines indicated with outline, or with what is sometimes called crewel stitch, which is a sort of back stitch taken from left to right, instead of in the ordinary plain sewing way.—Harper's Bazar.

"You know that lady who was here yesterday who smelled so strong of perfume, mamma?"
"Yes, my boy."
"Well, isn't she one of the colognelal dames?"—Yonkers Statesman.

She-She's very mannish, isn't she? He-Very, She can't make her way through a crowd at all.-Catholic Standard and Times.

A DIFFERENT VIEW.

She-"Do you believe the story of Jonah and the whale?" He-"Yes; but I don't believe it was a miracle.' She-"Well, what would you call it, then?" He-"Indigestion."

onion juice. The pulp is then put in the freezer and turned occasionally as water ice is frozen, the dasher afterwards taken out, the chilled tomato stirred down, and the tub repacked. It may be served by the spoonful directly from the freezer, or may be packed in small cups and rechilled in the freezer. Then with each service of thicker soled on individual service of chicken salad an individual mould of frozen tomato is put upon the plate. No supper party in the South seems to be complete without it.—N. Y. Evening Post.

"The Poster Pillow."

Every woman who works for fancy fairs, or who wishes to prepare a birthday gift for an up-to-date friend, just now makes a poster pillow. The earliest that were made were formidable efforts, requiring first, the procuring of a paper poster, and than its difficult, half-impossible transference to linen or hollands. Now, at all the art stores, and even in Now, at all the art stores, and even in Late in the afternoon, when the mis-ress came home, the neighbor halled her rom the side door.

"Been stocking up with butter and "Been stocking up with butter and the most department stores, the designs are shown, all drawn and ready to work on suitable materials. Some of the most celebrated and striking French

per's Bazar. A Reasonable Supposition.

Not a Shopper.

that a selective signal 'phone does not ring at the end where the crank is turned."-Omaha World-Herald.

The New Century.

When the sixtieth minute is ended The clock at last strikes one:
When the hundredth year is expended
The century's course is run.

-Walter W. Skeat.

A Bad Habit-Have You It?

A Bad Habit—Have You It?

Again attention is called to those essentially feminine habits of putting pins in the mouth or moistenting a pencil with the lips. A pin swallowed means only a surgical case, but the greater danger lies in the contagion that may be barking at the pin itself. Under the head of the pin, or in the point of the pencil, at kinds of malignant germs may be located, which will be transmitted by the mouth quicker than any other way. It hardly seems possible that any one needs to be cautioned against holding maney between the lips, yet a person can scarcely go a block on a street-car without noticing some one indulging in the canascars.

Over Education.

"The Matrimonial School at Chioaga has turned out an awful failure. A result of a visit to the school was that both men and women looked for a higher standard in each other."-Westminster Gazette.

Once Penelope was kind, Gentle, loving and forgiving—; She and I both of one mind; And in peace and concord living, Each the other's comfort sought, As the wife and husband ought.

But, in hopes to add thereby Sweeter sirup to our honey, We a course resolved to try
At the School of Matrimony—
Now each other's faults in turn Without pity we discern.

If you ask me what has stirred Thus fond love to bitter strife, 'Tis the lectures that I heard On the "duties of a wife"— While Penelope, alas! . Studied in the husband's class. -London Punch.

'Phone Not in Her Key "I wonder how these new selective sig-nal 'phones work?" muttered aboud the young woman with the fi iffy hair. "You see," she explained, "there are four 'phones on a line, but yours doesn't ring

phones on a line, but yours doesn't ring except when you're called."
"That's easy," replied the telegrapher.
"They're quadruplexed, and one is set for each resistance—one for 80, another for 80, the next for 40, the last for 20."
"You'd need one set for a person whose resistance is 0 to fit some folks I know."
was the vinegary remark of the old bachalor who dislikes matiness, 'phones and

elor who dislikes matinees, 'phones and

big hats.
They all ignored him by common consent and the music teacher explained:
"You're all wrong. The wires are a soprano, a tenor, a contralto and a a soprano, a tenor, a contraito and a bass wire, each bell set to be rung in its own key. You know ours is B."
"Then can't I talk with anybody except—" pouted Miss Fluffy, "except a fellow with a tenor voice?"
"Of course not. That basso in the pack

"Of course not. That basso in the pack-ing-house counting-room couldn't hear you, even if he would. Call up Cudahy's and try it with him. You won't be able to hear a ring, even. Your voice is C." Tremblingly the soprano called out the number, then rang. Silence! Not a tin-kle. Vexed, she slammed the 'phone and ded be confusion up the staling. fled in confusion up the stairs. Next day her aunt gave the music teacher an extra wedge of pie and sald: "You can have anything you want in this house so long as Maud doesn't find out

Would Cast Deciding Vote.

A certain Democratic politician was proposed to by his future wife. It would not do to hint further at the names, but the story runs like this: She was much in love with him and he with her. He was as timld in love affairs, however, as he was bold in concerns of State. She he was bold in concerns of state. Since you have a concerns of the every opportunity to propose, but, though he was desperately infatuated, he could not bring his courage to the sticking point. Finally one summer afternoon it came about in this

She—I hope you be elected. He—I am glad to know you are my

friend.

She—I would support you for any office.

He—For any office.

She—Yes, even for matrimony. If you are really a candidate I would east the

tre tream;
felding vote.
ffle—Why, Mary!
She (calmly and quickly)—When shall
the wedding he?
the wedding he?
the wedding he?
the proposal he ever And that is all the proposal he ever made. "And they lived happy ever afterward."—Columbus (Mo.) Herald.

Watts—"Since my wife was gone in for athletics life has been one round of excitement, but the culmination came last week."

Potts—"What happened?",

"Why, I was fool enough to show her one of those newspaper articles proving that housework is the best athletic exer-cise possible. And now she does nothing but sweep and dust all day long!."—Brook lyn Engle.

r'cozie-"We don't call them 'bunkers'

over on our links now."

"ree—"No? What, then?"

Foosie—"They're so hard to get over
we call 'em kopies"—Baltimore American.